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Blank Book*

THE BLANK BOOK

PUBLISHED BY

WORCESTER STATE COLLEGE

WORCESTER, MASS. 01602

MAY, 1974

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## SONG TO SUSAN

### FIRST LINES

It's the three o'clock deadline  
and I'm reaching for your hands  
taking them from your face  
placing the points to a time  
to make amends...  
But will the clown pull out the plug  
before I come to an end?  
And send the electric shock  
running down the drain?  
I hoped it was the three o'clock life line  
trying to find the time  
to run onto the field  
outside the fifty yard line  
and steal the football  
and ruin the game plan...

But this was the "ass who's got no class,"  
The clown with a frown, who'd run round  
in circles, doing cartwheels  
Listen to the sound of a side show  
trying to steal (or keep) the Bill!  
Not much of a thrill  
to see the tarpaulin run over the field  
but before the storm!  
Just isn't the norm to take the ball  
from the center, and dispute it's possession:  
"It belongs to US, not YOU, ASS!  
Now, listen before I'm through  
And you run me out of the stadium  
Like you always do..."  
An overgrown child, who's not so mild  
In fact he's quite wild  
Just like the spoiled brat in the neighborhood  
who went and took his tape deck home with him  
Perhaps it's not just music that'd bore you sick  
Eighteen or not...  
OR

*One*

Sit with you in the bleachers  
Where the stands are sitting  
Wondering why I can't seem'  
to be fitting into these seats  
where the aisles are filled  
with unfilled beer cans and roach clips  
and dampened papers of Nixon's linen  
and, of course, the line-up  
rolled into a ball thrown across the hall  
But where was the program, Sam  
or don't you give a damn about the rules  
or the tools  
Well, neither do we, as you can see,  
We'll just make them up as we go along  
How's that for ass-thetics or phony-etics  
No need to heed the bleeding internal wound.  
Just pick up my state of confusion  
sail it out to a spot on the sea  
And the irony of this reality  
is that it's away from the Mass  
O don't want to take down the stars  
But the field is black, after all  
and far from the white streak clouds  
and blue sky which once seemed reachable  
(The leach has sucked in its lungs  
and only begun to breathe.)  
Now eaths around the edges to taste the crude  
For once...Reflect the waste:  
"I'm your drunken dummy at exam time  
who can only return questions to you  
Play ping pong politics in the lounge  
Beating my meat to the beat of a speaker box  
Doping and Duping, pie in the sky with new crust  
Show the rust that's on the wired chord.  
Making and murdering mechanical minds  
Can we find the feeling again  
O don't want to take down the stars  
But they seem so far away, after all  
Even the lights on the field are growing dim  
Satisfy our latest whim,  
Drink up your cup of hot consomme  
after we've waited in line  
without questioning the prices stuck onto the board,  
seeing no pearl of the quarter at last score

*two*

North Station at the Garden,  
Only the exit signs are on  
And the harpies are singing:  
"Shut off the lights and they'll be no more fright  
Cause there'll be no more sight  
Can't see all the inequity in a blackened sea  
When all the monsters lie below."  
Please don't be too soon with the harpoon  
Turn on the lampoon...

## II.

O Susan, please don't sue me,  
because I know it's been rude of me  
to write you a song to which you might not belong  
But, You were the writer, who would "make things right"  
perhaps give a little insight into the play of the day  
Or was this your sport?  
Remember you had dropped your books  
and when you had started to sort them back again  
Was there any order?  
How many more games were on those pages  
And carbon copied characters on their stages  
Doomed to sitting in a darkened room of abstractions  
Trying to reflect the light through the rest of the house  
Which might break windows if allowed to pass through  
Please sit with me in that room  
Employ and destroy the tomb of self  
Arbitrate this wonderless one and the many  
Let alone two into one  
No Please Hate me Instead! To Stick inside the Head  
How else to Manifestate the Metaphysical Fart  
or Masturbate away the Heart...  
A Path for Me? I can only see a Path for Thee  
No longer can we trip over our trips  
O not let alone  
When tears have been bled from the eyes  
and the eagle has flown its' solitary flight  
the destiny and destruction is manifest:  
Turkey wings are eaten at Thanksgiving  
and left over stuffing is stuck in my throat  
Paper plates are put in place of China

*three*

The last trust in thanks  
sits in a reservation camp  
and the Lone Ranger is alone  
Shooting at renegades in the desert  
Mole men Media pushed back underground  
The earthquake forms like an ulcer  
Well let's see the disease, or else we'll never be free  
or the ugly cancerous sore  
No stranger, the Lone Ranger  
is robbing and roping at 50 miles per hour  
(We're not even at midfield)  
herding his cattle, pointing to the flowers  
that have been built by the bowels  
of long gone steers...  
Huxley's bird is screaming "here and now..."  
The page is torn loose by the blowing of fans  
Maybe we could use it for papers for the rest of the ounce  
No! Tear it up or cure the sickness!  
Or extoll the Jamaica Jerk-off:  
Come with the Madman across the Water  
Judy and Totoe have crashed back to the ground  
And the new roads must be built and others to be found  
Face the COZMIC ABSURDITY: Last breath Euphoria  
O well  
Maybe you could write scripts for soap operas  
While Mirk and Millie were watching at home  
sitting in a pile of cracker crumbs;  
And Captain Video was recruiting your brother!  
Barrels of sea men swim out of a magic box  
which spreads its legs on the middle of the floor  
Zappa finally unzips the "slime outta your t.v. set,"  
Silver Screen Syphyllitics or the A-V.D.

But you were the reporter, no sorter,  
You sang the stats and the chat at the end of the game  
Or more of the same.  
You might even reflect how the hot consume  
happened to spill upon your notebook.  
How we were so huddled together for warmth  
Certainly looks like another session in depression  
O let us bring back a regression  
To Feelings and Truth before  
Our Season's Tickets are taken for good.  
No let's save this digression  
until the procession is done.

*four*

Even now you are leery of leaders  
who certainly don't cheer very much:  
The anthem is spangled,  
or is it fandangled, and the cherries  
well they only manage to mangle it more  
Another day at the game,  
But somehow it's just not the same  
Yesterday's candy wrappers and confetti  
were missing, and the maintenance men  
looked for the bags of gladrags to spread about  
But it was no use to dig up the good refuse  
The Team struggled to stay above the .500 ball  
Wonder if they can stay in the first division  
Thinking about not going to see them at all  
Cutting Richardson and Cox from the squad  
And wasn't it odd that Love be castigated  
Yes Love...The Energy Czar  
Certainly can't get very far  
Without Love in the Line  
How many more draft choices do we have?  
Lost by a buck to the Market  
The Oilers swamped us last week  
Must we seek another back to lead the attack  
Perhaps the equipment's at fault  
When the Defence can't halt the traps  
The clashing of helmets and pads  
Spikes dig into the other half of the field  
Is it too warm now to isolate?  
Whips and whistles, the hiss of the crowd  
grows louder as some calls are missed  
Even those that are listed seem misted  
The court is jesting and resisting the fall  
of the calls; everything is in fair ground  
Yes, everything goes at the porno show  
The Back teases his public and republic  
throws out his jock strap, legitimate linen  
after the refs have whipped out the flags  
Yet he still has 3 quarters to stay on the rag  
Who are the sponsors that are pimping the show  
You know, "We pause for station identification."  
How 'bout, "Small feet for YOUR identification."

J.Mercure

*five*

Melvin can be found in the kitchen quite often. Certainly, the kitchen, being a room most easily accessible to satisfy his immediate appetite. Now he laughs a bit derisively at himself because his other hungers don't seem to be so readily appeased. Perhaps, his infatuation with the golden Westinghouse doors was, after all, just compensation for all of the other doors which were being shut in his face. In a fit of passion, Melvin shouted out aloud, "Everything must be opened! That means freezers and ovens alike..."

Mother usually curtailed his hysterical excursions through the opened cupboards before he managed to jelly and jam his bread, the counter top and most of the floor under the sink. Obviously, Melvin's gluttony wasn't methodical. However, he did have aspirations to taking a bed, planting it right on the table top in order to arbitrate the feedies of the night. And dream of fountains of fruit in candy lands. Wouldn't this be the best perspective to take for the obese? Or the can-good-guardian can find his balance when all one's needs are in reach at any given time or whim...

The minimal amount of squashed, sauteed onions are pushed to the rear of the shelf, far from the reach of the unwanting hand. How long had they been there? Remnants of a romance not long ago still had their place-like memories, but hidden by other labels and packages, probably weighing the same. I suppose that the ultimate joke is that all of this should make you cry. On the contrary, Melvin imagined some great canning monopoly which was probably responsible for the whole mess.

"Dammed toaster. Look at this burnt bread again!" Everything was just as he wanted it except for that toaster. Mother entered with a bulk of groceries and laid them by the cellar steps, discriminating the hard and soft objects into their proper placement on the shelves. But Melvin was oblivious, and continued to stuff his face until every area from his tartared toe to his potatoed ear should surely be manifested. He did manage to nod in his customary direction.

*Rik*



"Melvin, you can get your own glass of milk. I'm busy right now, can't you see?"

Melvin is incredulous, "Mom, I've got this system worked out to perfection. If I get up, I'm liable to fall right over again!"

Mother walks past the toaster, and suddenly shouts, "There's too many extensions on this outlet! It's no wonder you don't burn the bread and the house as well..."

Melvin can only murmur, "Hypothetical madness..." He has stopped fingering his plate, and wonders if it will reach the plastic drainer in the sink. His deliberation was to no avail; the porcelain shattered into pieces on the lip.

Mother looks on in despair, but can only sigh. Melvin takes an empty cereal box and tears it about the edges, using the new creased surface to sweep up the remains of the plate.

He looks at flustered Mom and walks to the porch, contemplating the backyard. With a sweep of the cardboard, he shakes the particles into the jungle. The door is left opened.

"God dammed trash. Next thing you know and we'll be eating it..."

J. Mercure

*flven*

## FIELDS

Fields that fasten to the farmlands  
Fields where feasting insects prey  
Buzz the humming singing wings  
That whistle as they pass us by  
Calls the songs they preach all summer  
Hymns so cruel that make us cry

Fields afresh anew with flowers  
Crops replace the tangled weeds  
Hungry children work at harvest  
Filled now of their desperate needs

Night will bring the wind and showers  
Drench the fields and wake the child  
Sleeping yet so ever soundly  
By the wild country side

Winter brings the snow that follows  
Calls the world to silence, still  
Wheat crops stored in bins from Autumn  
Crackling fire relieves the chill

Fields inviting fresh with promise  
For the coming warm that lasts  
Brings a quiet yearning springtime  
To the fields that we pass

Elizabeth Killoran

*Eight*

## THE MAGIC FLUTE

The piper plays upon his reed  
That in the wood his friends may hear  
And while the farmer sows the seed  
He knows the flock is drawing near

By the well a young girl waits  
Sweet like foal and innocent  
For her love anticipates  
But knows not where he went

Into the woods  
And by the streams  
Tossing rocks  
Where jay birds scream  
Wildier than a frightened colt  
He dashes like the lightning bolt

And as the day goes on and on  
The little child climbs past the rocks  
All the world he looks upon  
Scrapes his knees and tears his socks

Sees a little fleeting form  
Cutting 'cross the meadow's green  
Little lady things he's gone  
But at last her love has seen

As she passes by the cow  
Shakes her head with much contempt  
For the master's absence now  
Because she knows not where he went!

From the hill above the green  
Comes a trill, a pretty tune  
Searching for the magic flute  
Pondering the wood and stream

*nine*

Where, this bird, who's song so loud  
Fills the valley where she stands,  
Reaching upward to the cloud?  
Pursuing it with tiny hands

Little child that plays below  
Running wildly to and fro  
Leading ever-watchful eyes  
Waiting like two cautious spies

Trills the pipe again  
Taunting everyone  
Basking in its refuge  
Like the noon day sun

As the girl grows famished  
And returns to home  
Leaving sad the piper  
On the hill alone

Were this tune for no one  
Except the one that played  
The pipe would be too somber  
To please an empty maid

The sheet would be much fatter  
And as the meadow bared,  
Little boys much cleaner  
In pants that never teared

Why would one climb to the rocks  
But to taunt with trills  
Little lovely nymphs that laugh  
Beneath the heaven's hills?

Elizabeth Killoran

*ten*

## CHRISTIAN'S VERSE

Twelve angels cross a misty gate and hover there,  
Their silken wings are fans that stir the misty air;  
Chilled clouds, once still, beat round like cock vanes,  
And churning bodies swirl about Queen Saturn's Ring,  
In rhythm with the lyres the sacred bear,

Mere rivulets in the reign  
Of the resurrected King.

A distant light wanders far beyond this silent satellite,  
Like one that led the sheperds to a strange enlightened child,  
Like Venus' Halo, cameo-white, madonna-mild;  
A chosen guide that leads its flock o'er desert sea and hill,  
Now frozen like a portrait in December's midnight chill.  
A cold that soon will penetrate our bonds of disbelief,  
As parables to ponder in union with our grief.

On high is heard the singing of Pope Gregory's Chants and Canticles  
In monophonic textures of glorious antiphonal,  
In answer to the East, the West responds,  
Developing their theme into a new song,  
The written word, now here for all that read,  
In gospel, epistle, parable, and creed,  
Tonight resumes its power--it's Christian's Eve.

This snow-shrouded shore and the glass Sea of Galilee  
Stand like mirrors before a vast, barren world.  
The celestia that float deep within  
Sparkle like tiny pools of plankton.  
If in a net truth could be grasped,  
And all the lies strained through its mesh,  
Then what a fine thing indeed I'd catch.

In the distance, upon a ridge, there stands a tree,  
Much like the burden on Mt. Calvary  
Gusts of wind drive ice into its sacrificial flesh, and oh,  
How the crowned king of nature's boughs do scream--  
I hear its crying half a mile away,  
And now it seems that one is on it as I stare.

God, had you no mercy for your son?  
"Eloi, eloi, lama sabacthane,  
He cried; yet the crowds mocked the bleeding Jesus  
As he died. It is your strange sense of right  
That makes you seem most wrong.  
Why should the weak in lust be cricified,  
As the planet gets demolished by the strong?

Yonder flies the demon that frets its prey.  
Robber of God's riches, master of deceit,  
Like the moon gathering up the light of day,  
He consumes strays on the path of sheep.  
Go, remnant archangel; drop from this sky like a poison dart;  
Fall from your broken umbilical bough;  
Drip from your cocoon like the crushed worm inside;  
Crash as the shooting star, now!

Twelve Apostles  
creation of Solar System  
cock vanes-weather vanes  
swirl about the sun like  
the ring around Saturn

the vastness of God

satellite-Earth  
Christ  
describes the light &  
enlightenment

Gregorian Chants & songs  
praising the Blessed Virgin  
alternating choruses  
Christianity responds to  
Judaism  
new song-New Testament

Christmas Eve

reflections of planets  
& stars

My God, my God, why have  
you forsaken me?

Devil  
robber-steals God's flock  
borrowing from God's  
tactics to gain followers

*eleven*

Silent, evil oppressor,  
I will bear with your wickedness no more.  
The strains of holy spirits, lurking just beyond this door,  
Entreat my ears with sweet refrains of fragrant peace.  
Who could stand your tyranny?  
What fool would bargain his soul  
To be without thee?

Heaven, death

Devil's

Heaven

Oh, rapturous divinity,  
Though I be far parted from my Jerusalem,  
And the war front,  
Where your land cries with despondency;  
And the Earth's greed may soon be drenched with Gentile blood;  
Since yesterday the red sea crossed the Concord bridge,  
Would you now save your soil from tomorrow's flood?

red sea-British  
Would God save his  
Jerusalem from destruction  
if he let war flourish in  
a concord land?

the concord bridge is  
symbolic for a place of  
peace.

ELIZABETH KILLORAN

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ELIZABETH KILLORAN

## SALVATION TO GO

Christ walked into McDonald's one day,  
and ordered a Big Mac and a coke to stay.  
He saw the Golden Arches; the Boast in bold letter,  
and wondered who served the 13 billion better.

I guess I'm another of those choosy pickers,  
after careful consideration I selected a Snickers  
With a fistful of peanuts in every bite.  
O Machine! O goddess of gastronomic delight,  
I paid no attention to the sign "out of order"  
and in passionate frenzy I lost my last Quarter.

## HELENA, MONT.

Waiting in line at a hamburger stand,  
Far away, in a wild western land,  
I suddenly saw a presumptuous plaque,  
That assaulted my soul with a gas attack.

Clutching arrows and olive, with stars and ray-beams  
E pluribus Unum in agony screams  
The plastic Eagle, in golden array  
Draped in a banner that proudly proclaims;  
McDonald's: The American Way.....

Steve Kelly

*thirteen*



## FOUR YEARS OF IT:

We've been:

Ego-ed and Id-ed, Ist-ed and Ism-ed.  
Drilled, quizzed, oralled and tested,  
Chaucered and Frosted, Homered, Tempested.  
McCarthyed, McGoverned and Shirley Chisholmed;  
Square-rooted, Don't shoot it, and logarithmed.

We've seen:

Diagrams, photos, movies and slides;  
Vietnam, Cambodia and Kent State,  
Videos, maps and lectures besides  
Inflation, the Mid-East and Watergate.  
Oppression and Injustice - are we too late?

Most of us look for reality ahead,  
when we should look behind us instead.  
In business and politics, as in study and fun,  
The B.S. we get has just begun.

## THE TRIUMPH OF BRAWN OVER BRAIN

We give all honor and praise to our athletes,  
their training and games, their physical feats.  
Meanwhile, a good student struggles each day,  
Inglorious, lackluster, he earns an A.  
Nobody cares who he is or what he says,  
All attention is focused on the home team away.

We're forced to take four semesters of gym,  
"To keep us in shape, our bodies trim"  
by tired teachers, none overly slim.  
The academic requirements are stretched very thin:  
Take six credits of this, try a couple of these,  
a taste and a nibble - our Liberal Arts degrees.

Metaphysical questions to some are vexations,  
That's nothing compared to muscle flexations.  
The problems and suffering of the outside world  
don't matter, as long as the javelin is hurled.

Steve Kelly

*fourteen*

## THE PENALTY

Our state legislators, in enlightened fear,  
have set us back thousands of years.  
For now certain crimes, that to them seem unfair,  
will be retributed by a zap on the electric chair.  
Hell, that's humane, a punishment less dread,  
than hanging by the neck, until pronounced dead.

Whenever we cannot solve a difficult situation,  
the best relief known is it's elimination.  
If we put them in jail for the rest of their days,  
think of all the money the taxpayer pays.  
A little electricity is very cheap  
compared to a lifetime of food and upkeep.

So the best way to save  
us from those crimes horrendous,  
is to bless and shave  
the heads that offend us  
and march them down to that horrible seat,  
the fear of which will take crime off the streets.

## HOPE...

It stands tall and erect, very impressive  
as we mull about, happy and festive.  
The planners smile in delight -  
It certainly is an impressive sight.  
A powerful thing - most men will say -  
that herein, Hope, for the future does lay.  
The region below rumbles and shakes;  
in sympathy, the earth reels and quakes,  
Intense heat, a thrust, and off it shoots,  
a sigh of relief, then cheers and hoots -  
as into dark space the missile speeds  
through wet, heavy air travels our Seed.  
"We've done it, She's off!" "There's relief on each face;  
we have saved democracy from total disgrace!  
Two encapsulated astronauts to the moon's dust race,  
we've beaten the Russians in the struggle for space.

Steve Kelly

*fifteen*

ON CROSSING THE MOJAVE DESERT...

The burning road stretches on forever,  
above, the pale, stifling sun is ablaze  
Your parched eyes seem blurred, you're never  
sure if it's your vision or the hellish haze  
that obscures the mountainous horizon.

Heat waves dance on the land and your car,  
mirages of water are close, then far.  
Scrubby cactus and burnt grass screams  
in the heat. The soil is useless as the sun beams  
down and beats this dry, wicked land.

Nature batters this wasteland every day,  
A curse, a warning; nature's way, --  
of fighting off men; of saving space --  
against expansion and development - Nature's disgrace.  
No one could possibly live in this place.

But in the time of our country's greatest Sin,  
Places were found to fence the red men in.  
To keep them isolated and break their pride,  
and stop their delay of our western expansion,  
as we settled and raped the countryside,  
of what was their's and now is ours.

Indians live in this inferno, prisoners of the sun,  
While rich people drive to Las Vegas for fun,  
in cars air conditioned for luxury.  
Also crossing the desert are tourists like me;  
who can casually say - gee, it's a pity,  
and in four hours be in Los Angeles.

If this does not phase you, here's something that might,  
besides nature's wrath, we've mushroomed their plight;  
for there lurks a lunacy, designed for devastation  
that lives on the desert with the indian reservation.  
It's just another way for us to prove our Might,  
On the desert we've built a nuclear testing site.

Steve Kelly

*sixteen*

## GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

It is a rocky, robust recluse  
in the highest and most remote  
part of Montana. The air is thin  
and clean - it invigorates blood and brain -  
hearts pound faster; not just because the  
oxygen percentage is reduced.  
We are awed by the immense, stony-eyed  
giants, capped and  
restrained under tons of ice and snow.  
Up here, we can see for miles - millions  
of toothpick pines and a multitude of  
mountain peaks that pound and pierce  
a fractured and surrenduring sky.  
Men have called these mountains majestic,  
but kings bow down and squirm at their feet.  
Men say they are a manifestation of god,  
--- his supreme effort - a chapel that  
needs no priest.  
But god is a manifestation of them.  
As a chef turns unknowingly away from soup  
about to boil over, so did god turn for a second.  
They surpassed his original intention -  
he meant to restrict their splendor so as  
not to be outdone.

We are awkward invaders in a foreign  
land. Here is the home of soaring eagles;  
a sight few men see and fewer forget.  
Giant grizzlies silently sneak off  
at the sounds made by sacrilligious hikers.  
Pray you never startle one, though.  
Big horn sheet carefully balance in a  
fragile environment.  
This is the last refuge for powerful  
and beautiful animals, for years  
hated as livestock killers, for years  
loved as wall adornments.  
Now they must share their last corner  
of survival with the ignorant,  
the arrogant, the curious folk  
who trample and litter this last temple.  
As we Americans always do,  
we've made this land a museum,  
a monument of things as they used to be.  
Most species here are almost extinct.  
The most common sounds are the sighs and pants  
of a paying public - the spectators of  
nature's greatest show on earth. As people move in  
animals move out. Too bad we can't build a  
thousand foot high fence around it; or perhaps  
we can encase it in a giant geodesic dome.  
Then, even the eagles could not escape.

*Seventeen*

Steve Kelly

She knew Sylvia Plath, and her life had been changed  
When she discovered that the Sylvia she had known  
Had been that Sylvia Plath,

Why! she had talked to her Sylvia  
Just as though she had been anyone's Sylvia!  
And! Golly! she had been amused  
When people would ask "What was she really like?"

"Was she different?"  
"Did her poetry break through her petty talk?"  
"I mean was she always just a Sylvia -- or was she ever Sylvia Plath?"

Well, that wasn't her real name you know -- When I knew her --  
She was somebody's grand-daughter --

"Oh! what was her grandfather's name?"

I remember -- he worked --  
Somewhere around here, and golly! he and his wife --  
Oh! what was her name? No -- not Sylvia's -- her grandmother's!"  
They went to the synagogue -- not to our church --

Well, anyway -- Sylvia -- used to come over there to play--

"Sylvia Plath playing!"  
"My! you were lucky! Did you play with her?"  
"I mesn -- what ever did you play?"

Well, remember, she wasn't Sylvia then -- I mean she wasn't Sylvia Plath then --  
And she did go to the synagogue  
And my membry isn't too good --  
But, oh! yes! we played -- she was a good playmate  
And when we played -- That was shen she had really known that Sylvia --

"But what did you play? "

"Well, we didn't play -- so much --  
So much as talk -- and we talked a lot--  
Sylvia -- that Sylvia had a funny way of talking  
She could never look you in the eye -- and  
When she talked -- she looked right through you -- right past you --  
Sort of off into the --

"Wow! you talked to Sylvia plath!"

How she loved that ocean -- I mean  
Even when she talked, I sort of had the feeling  
She would cross that ocean one day, and cross it she did!"

*Eighteen*

She never came back you know --  
The last time we played together --  
She told me that she was going to go across the ocean --  
She said it in a funny way --  
Like the way she talked about her daddy --  
I never liked her when she talked about her daddy --  
I never met him, but she never said a word that was kind about him --  
Never a word:

Nobody around her had ever met him,  
But my daddy said that anybody who was that cruel to her daddy --  
So I never told my daddy what she said about her daddy,

But -- somehow -- he knew  
That she had said bad things and he would  
Scowl

And say: "Has she been saying nasty things about her daddy?"

And I would imitate her when she gazed across the ocean,  
And I wouldn't answer  
And I'd say -- "Who? Daddy, Who?"

I miss her, and maybe someday I'll go across that ocean, too.

*Nineteen*

Good Evening, Emily --

We've come to pay our scared visit in the cold midnight when the  
Moon is the only light to read you final greetings

Good Evening, Emily --

We've come to stand beside you in the cold night --  
And greet you with distant love and admiration --  
Love because you suffered through all those custards  
And those relatives who would not have dared to understand  
Your sickness --  
Nor your greatness

I'll pull my cowl over my head -- like the olden woemn in the old church  
To show that I have respect for you  
And what you were trying to say.

Will anyone ever know what you spoke?  
Damn your snakes and your buzzing flies --  
Here in the cold moonlight they almost make sense --  
But the cold is the cold of distance --  
And the distance is greater than the cold your death expresses.

I can only see a tombstone,  
And that not too well,  
But I hear your words --  
Elf-like, but waspish,  
And somehow I feel that the tomb is too cruel for someone like you --

You loved life and though you would never admit it,  
Life loved you -- It gave you your grave  
But immortality -- and I share your immortality  
By standing by your grave  
In the cold midnight moon-lit splendor  
Where your words have greater meaning than ever before

I shall come again, but  
I shall come to take with me some of your immortality.

Until then,  
Good night, Emily, good night, and good-bye!

*Twenty*

"LET US RETURN TO THOSE YESTERYEARS-----"

My telephone rang early last Wednesday morning, and a voice from the past, a former high-school class officer identified herself and informed me that she was re-checking addresses prior to the mailing of invitations for our high school reunion. It had been 10 years since the first and last reunion and I enjoyed the social gathering and renewal of old friendships; as well as the curiosity surrounding the various occupations and chosen professions of former classmates. I replied that I was eagerly awaiting the next reunion with great anticipation, and I also hoped everyone could be available on this occasion.

Our last reunion was held on a hot, steamily-humid, Saturday evening in June, at a neighboring country-club. My husband and I attended the reunion with former classmates and their spouses, who had contacted us previously and arranged a meeting place so that we could all enjoy ourselves together.

On entering the banquet room there were few faces readily discernible, and I began to wonder if we were in the right place! But my former classmates who presently still resided in the small town where we had all attended the local high school, and who were in almost daily contact with our former classmates reassured me that 'this was the place', and reintroduced us to the assembled couples as we made our whirly-bird path to our table. Let me hasten to add, that while attending high school 'way-back then', I was accepted as a quiet, studious-but-skinny, and very gangly, introverted student. I was presently the exact opposite of all the above-mentioned!

After much "table-Hopping" and the convivial effects of the present atmosphere, everyone seemed friendly and talkative and exchanged their various life histories to and fro. That age-old question---"Whatever happened to Ginny ('Brains') Smythe?" or "Bunny" (class-clown) O'Hare??

*Twenty one*



What is George (car-happy) Graham doing now?? Has anyone heard from Mike (star-fullback) Murphy???? Or Marilyn (most-popular girl) Roberts????? The last two, Mike and Marilyn went "steady", were the most "adored", and were sure to marry each other, and soon, or so everyone surmised.

On further investigation, Ginny "Brainy" Smith, who always worshiped math and bookkeeping, and aspired to an accounting career, became an officer in a small oil company, and married the boss's son, and is now owner of the oil company.

Robert "Bunny" O'Hare, the class-clown, whose chief claim to fame was his 'gaptooth smile--caused by the absence of his two front teeth; (but for appearances' sake two false teeth which he flipped away at will causing the Halloween-pumpkin-effect, and while the teachers attention was focused elsewhere would regale the class in laughter causing many class uproars), never did seem to find his niche in life; he suffered various life and vocational reversals resulting in nervous breakdowns and is consequently a patient in a mental hospital--I wondered (wryly), if he is a source of amusement there????

George "Car-happy" Graham remained true to his car-addiction and indulged himself in the next best occupation, he operates a gas-service, and car-mechanics business and supposedly satisfied his life's ambition, riding off into the sunset like the proverbial cowboy only he nuzzles his car!

Mike (star-fullback) Murphy became a minor league football player, accustomed to home-town adulation, became disenchanted "on the road"; returned to the small town, married his local sweetheart, and became a food salesman as well as a part-time scout for his old farm league. He provides adequately for his family yet indulges vicariously in his football activities, indulging his whimsy for sports.

*Twenty - two*

Marilyn (most-popular) Roberts, was one of the most studious, or "brainiest" girls of the class, the epitome, outwardly at least, of the present women's 'lib'. She was undecided on a career, (ascended from a wealthy family who could certainly afford to send her on to college, but she alas declined!), married the most-popular male of the previous class, thereby keeping popularity alive and well; became an extremely domesticated homemaker and produced a houseful of children. She appears very content in her role and happy with her present position in life, and has no desire to change her circumstances. Who would have thought??? She was also chosen 'the best-dressed Girl' in the class yearbook, now she looks very matronly; on one occasion at a recent flower show I saw her in nondescript slacks, WHITE ankle sox and saddle shoes, belying her former title.

Her contemporary, the most popular male of the class, and also a star football player, after college, became a successful insurance salesman broker, and restricts his football to the television screen.

This is not meant to be an indictment of people but it seems that the most notable students of the class, at that period in time, have now become the unobtrusive time pacers; it almost seems as if they expended all their energy while in high school, and had none left for the business of living and enjoying life, they prefer to remain way in the background.

The quiet and studious, while in high school, (and they were occupied as well in activities like school plays, sports, etc.), seem to have plodded away, and as I look over the various faces in my class yearbook, they have become nurses, teachers, a doctor, dentist, bank officers, a newspaper publisher, a minister, accountants, lawyers, and factory officials. They seem to have focused their energies, at that time, into the future, and pressed themselves to their full potential; they seem to have channeled their energies into lifetime vocations and professions.

*Twenty-three*

It seems strange how life reverses situations, and how prolific and enduring some people are; some have the motivation and use it to its fullest, others seem just to drift.

I am anxiously awaiting the arrival of the invitation proclaiming the next class reunion, and if you receive one to your own high school class reunion, take advantage of that return to those yesteryears, you haven't lived until you do!

Barbara Brandt Happy

*Twenty-four*

## THE PAINTER'S WIFE

I called you and you came home to this heart,  
Once, in silver gray not unlike tonight.  
Behind us lies the Art, then, well I know;  
And well I fear this rounding out of days.  
Did you think these breasts would dance for your chalk,  
This heart beat but for want of perfect hue?  
I'd serve you, husband, as Madonna-wife;  
Gladly would I be moon, star, mountain, bird,  
Rivers of smile and fair face full of spring  
To suit some just cause. Would you lie by me  
If it were not for want of a model?  
You draw me Madonna, taking the hand  
Of one who is no Mary. Art you say?  
I feel no glory in your craftsman's touch.  
Your hands are too thin to clap of themselves:  
You bid, "Lucrezia, help me to applaud",  
While mine own fingers seek art of their own.  
I, you, together make one and a half.  
You lift your chalk, thinking some perfection  
Flows like blood in your veins, and wounded, you  
Expect the trickling drops to form your craft.  
"Draw my blood, Lucrezia, as I draw you"  
You said then. Did you hope my love would last  
Beyond your kingly days? This face is well  
Taken by another. No triumph, then,  
For you to have reached and stayed in my heart.  
I had married a young man, a painter.  
How then can I love a man who is old?  
You sought these walls, as you seek your heaven;  
Let your New Jerusalem be your wife.  
I have loved you quite enough. There is one  
Of Lithe and richly textured hands to please  
Me more tonight. What is lost? Angels will  
Well take care of you, even as I leave.

Ellen M. Guinard

*Twenty-five*

## THE PAINS OF A FRACTURED TOE

A man, crooked and broken,  
being wheeled in, his arm half torn off,  
bleeding, his face half gone, his ear missing...  
A woman in hysteria lying upon the floor, cries bitterly  
as she is told she must lose her motherhood...  
And me sitting here with a fractured toe.

"Emergency Doctor Jones, Emergency Doctor Jones, you  
are wanted in surgery" the intercom screeches...  
Doctors and nurses in pure white dresses run in panic,  
banging, pushing, falling into each other...  
"he has to lose both legs, says one, but he'll  
be alright."  
And me sitting here with a fractured toe.

A nurse tries to comfort a young couple as they weep  
softly, their deformed beautiful baby daughter has  
just died...never seeing the world...  
And me sitting here with a fractured toe.  
I bow my head, I wonder, Is God Just?

A gray table flies by me, on it a small boy,  
glass particles in his hair, the mother crying  
desperately, blood dripping on the floor...  
I gag, I can't take it any longer, I turn I  
look out the window...  
There, a hearse drives in...  
I jump up, I scream, "no God, no. You are not  
just...take me, take me."

A young doctor quiets me and sits me down...  
"you'll be alright, you'll only have minor pains  
from the fractured toe."

Michael Grandone

*twenty-six*

## PSYCHE

Let death in -- I've tried but I failed  
My hair is frosty, I am tired,  
                                wrinkled,  
                                sad. I know I  
have missed something somewhere.

I asked William the bard to direct me to Tintern Abbey in hopes that I may feel a change, but no, he and John were busy talking of Fanny.

I begged Walt to show me his passage to India, but again no -- he and Allen were talking about a supermarket in California.

I have traveled so long looking for the answers --  
answers I now realize never to  
be found.

I cannot find what others have or even  
feel what others did.

Perhaps I have died long ago, and existed  
only on  
hope.

Michael Grandone

Twenty - seven

## A BEAUTIFUL BLINDNESS

Once, I was young,  
                        foolish,  
                                    stupid.  
Stupid to all things around me.  
I had no responsibilities,  
                                no cares,  
  no problems,  
A life of no meaning, no future,  
  nothing.  
Being young and stupid made me blind.  
Blind to pain,  
                        sorrow,  
                                war,  
  death.  
As time passed, this beautiful blindness  
  age restored.  
I learned of society,  
                                man,  
  life.

I only wish I were young, foolish and stupid again.

Michael Grandone

twenty - eight

Will you start the war today,  
Will you use the plan,  
Will you bomb out Russia,  
China and Japan?  
Will we see the red-blood flow,  
Will we witness horror,  
Will you start the war today,  
And leave us no tomorrow?  
As for me, I've chosen;  
I refuse to fight.  
You simply can't convince me  
That fighting can be right.  
Must there really be a war,  
Must you kill for peace,  
Or are you merely out to prove  
That you're men - not meese?

Robert Flury

*twenty-nine*



BS, in its modern terms,  
Organizes lowly worms,  
On the other hand you see,  
BS rarely pilots me.

'Gardless of their numbered SIZE,  
\$ can be found in eyes  
And mouth & ears & scalp & nose;  
It even reacheth baby toes.

Always in this vastly land  
Will BS serve as \$'s band.  
Clutching, holding, tight-secured  
And always will be evil lured.

But don't destroy the things they love,  
That would be an evil too;  
Instead, Redeem a death for life  
And build your love around the two.

Robert Flury

*thirty*

My Friend don't ever fall in love;  
Prithee, hear my words.  
To hark the beckon of a song  
Is merely chasing birds.

If you think the thing is good,  
Soon richer you'll be;  
For you'll learn as, I did once,  
There's strength in misery.

And anyone can take your feelings,  
Work them in their hand,  
Then when they're finally soft enough,  
They'll blow them o'r the land.

They'll burn you from the tips of Hell,  
To Satan's dark retreat;  
Then from frigid mountain tops  
They'll toss you packaged neat.

The thing called love in woman's hand,  
Can never quite be trusted;  
And when I look in baby's eyes  
My whole report is busted.

Robert Flury

*thirty - one*

I want to write a poem,  
Create a moving rhyme.  
I never had a chance before,  
Never had the time.

I had so many thoughts:  
Of war and hate and love,  
And politics and presidents,  
Of the Hawk and of the Dove.

But now they've all escaped me,  
My thoughts have disappeared.  
And now that I've got pen in hand,  
It happens as I feared.

Worry not poor poet;  
Set your mind at ease.  
For silent art adds richness  
To a gentle breeze.

Robert Flury

*thirty - two*

Before I die  
I wanna see  
All the world in liberty  
I wanna fly without a plane  
Even though I sound insane  
Explore Uranus  
Visit China  
Even give Ali a shiner  
I'd like to join the NBA  
And be an all-star for a day  
I'd like to visit Houyhnhnms-land  
And strum a banjo in a band  
Of all the things I'd like to try  
I wanna live before I die.

Robert Flury

*thirty - three*

A male friend of mine  
a long time ago  
found a metal sword  
in the snow  
on his way home  
from Clark University  
For days  
he entertained the idea  
of dashing gallantry  
and noble knighthood  
till one night  
he ran at an old man  
with his sword in hand  
stopping only with the realization  
that he had seriously intended  
to kill  
Shocked, he came to my house  
His face pale  
and placed the sword  
in a dark corner  
and left it there

L. Carruthers

*thirty-four*

I doubt if it makes  
much difference  
to the maggots  
(as they crawl in and out  
of dead soldiers)  
if they were killed in  
the name of democracy  
or communism  
or fascism.

L. Carruthers

*thirty - five*

Tonight was the first time  
we were alone together  
and though it was spent  
doing the laundry  
and looking for dungarees  
I enjoyed it  
To be with you  
To watch you  
To look into your eyes  
and watch them as they gaze back  
Clearly and unafraid  
To watch as you play with Janis  
and see the love you have for life  
To hear you speak of trusting and caring  
Makes me feel that maybe there's  
a chance for us

L. Carruthers

*thirty-six*

The people  
within  
the mental hospitals,  
Do they  
find Reality (pronounced "Bummer")  
so horrible  
that they prefer  
to escape  
into the unreal madness of insanity  
or was it really all an accident?

L. Carruthers

*thirty - seven*



The night is silent and warm  
black  
with sterile breezes  
blowing through the sewers

The motorcycle spurts  
and sputters masculinity  
from its metal frame  
a phallic seated male  
strides it tightly  
and comes with the night

L. Carruthers

*thirty - eight*

An eternal figure  
All knowing  
Gandalf like  
long flowing hair  
whiskers  
the mystic with his  
all seeing eye  
striding forth  
through the  
universe  
passing outward beyond  
the stars  
the planets  
and the Milky Way  
or  
Inward  
toward the inner depths  
of life  
to where  
all life  
began and evolved  
to  
its present day  
cycle  
of  
continuous  
change

L. Carruthers

*thirty-nine*

